ENTIRE!

TAIN COTTLE, in the exercise of that surpris-

crais Cottle. in the exercise of that surprisment for deep-laid and unfathomable scheming,
which as is not unusual in men of transparspleity, he sincerely believed himself to be
at by nature, had gone to Mr. Dombey's
atheerentfal Sunday, winking all the way
cet for his superfluous sagacity, and had precompanied in the full lustre of the ankle jacks
or the eyes of Towlinson. Hearing from that
reds. to his great concern, of the impending
surf. Captain Cuttle, in his delicacy, sheered
sat small mark of his solicitude, and leaving
superfel compliments for the family in general. apliments for the landly in

The Captain's nosegay, after lying in the hall all night, was swept into the dust bin at maning; and the Captain's sly arrangement, estastrophe with greater hopes and whited in one chastophe with greater topes and third designs, was crushed to pieces. So, when a scalanche bears down a mountain forest, twigs no bushes suffer with the trees, and ail perish to-

his long walk, and its memorabl be hed passed, to observe either that his un accidently unacquainted with the intelli-the Captain had undertaken to impart, of and the Captain made signals with his book, warn in his to kvoid the subject. Not that the Cap us signals were calculated to have proved very schemable, however attentively observed; for

Captain Cattle, however, becoming cognizant of mat had happened, relinquished these attempts, the perceived the slender chance that now existwas had happened, reiniquished these attempts, who porceived the slender chance that now existed of his being able to obtain a little easy chat with the Domber before the period of Walter's department. But in admitting to himself, with a disaposated and creat-fallen countenance, that Sol Gills and be told, and that Walter must go—taking the use is the present as he found it, and not having emigatened or improved beforehand by the knowns management of a friend—the Captain still felt a mabalted confidence that he, Ned Cuftle, was are man by Mr. Dombey, and that, to set Walter's attass quite square, nothing was wanted but that ker two should come together. For the Captain ser could forget how well he and Mr. Dombey of got on at Brighton; with what nicety each of wanted put in a word when it was wanted; how them had put in a word when it was wanted; how exactly they had taken one another's measure; nor how Ned Cuttle had pointed out that resource in the first extremity, and had brought the inter-view to the desired termination. On all these grounds the Captain soothed himself with thinking that though Ned Cuttle was forced by the pressure of events to "stand by" almost useless for the pre-

of events to "stand by" almost useless for the present. Net would fetch up with a wet sail in good me and carry all before him.

Under the influence of this good natured delusion. Cattain Cattle even went so far as to revolve in his own boson, while he sat looking at Walter and listeng with a tear on his shirt collar to what he related whether it might not be at once genteel and polic to give Mr. Dombey a verbal invitation reserve they should meet, to come and cut his nature in Brig. Place on some day of his own naming, and enter on the question of his young friend's propects over a social glass. But the uncertain imper of Mrs. MacStinger, and the possibility of he setting up her rest in the passage during such as seteratainment, and there delivering some homily of as accomplimentary nature, operated as a check

ten sitting thoughtfully over his untasted dinner, dwelt on all that had happened, namely, that however Walter's modesty might stand in the way of its perceiving it himself, he was, as one might say, a member of Mr. Dombey's family. He had been, in his own person, connected with the incident he to pathetically described; he had been by name remembershand. with it; and his fortunes must have a particular in terest in his employer's eyes. If the Captain had he had not the lenst doubt that they were good con-dusions for the peace of mind of the Instrument-maker. Therefore he availed himself of so favora-ble a moment for breaking the West Indian intelli-tance to his old friend, as a piece of extraordinary presentent; declaring that for his part he would heel give a hundred thousand pounds (if he had it) for Walter's gain in the long ran, and that he had no doubt such an lavestment would yield a hand-some meaning.

Some premium.
Some of the was at first stupped by the comto it so confidently as a corroboration of his predictions, and a great advance toward the realization of the romantic legand of Lovely Peg. that he besoldered the old man. Walter, for his part, feigned whereas the old man. Waiter, for his part, reigned to be so full of hope and ardor, and so sure of coming home again soon, and backed up the Captain with such expressive shakings of his head and rubbings of his hands, that Solomon, looking first at him and then at Captain Cuttle, began to think he ought

be transported with joy.

But I'm behind the time, you understand," he

Es a — and he looked wistfully at Walter—"ho's fad to go."

"Under Sol!" cried Walter, quickly, "if you say that least so. No. Captain Cuttle. I won't. If may under thinks I could be glad to leave him, though I was soing to be made Governor of all the Islands in the West Indies, that 's enough. I'm a fixture."

"Walt, my lad," and the Captain. "Steady! The acuteness and significance of the Captain eye, as he cocked it in reply, no words short of those unnitterable Chinese words before referred to could describe.

"Blowing with his eyes the majestic action of he Captain's hook, the old man looked at Walter."

"Breis a certain craft," said the Captain, with a sarafficent sense of the allegory into which he words?"

So much had the Captain expressed in his eye.

the Captain's hook, the old man looked at Walter. Here is a certain craft, said the Captain, with attailing a certain craft, said the Captain, with attailing a certain tense. What name is wrote upon that craft indealy? Is it The Gay? or, said the Captain, resign in voice as much as to say, Observe the past of this, "is it The Gills."

Ned. taid the old man, drawing Walter to his tale, and taking his arm tenderly through his, "I know. I know. Of course I know that Wally consider me more than himself always. That's in my mind. When I say he is glad to go, I mean I hope he is. Eh? look you, Ned, and you too, wally, my dear, this is now and unexpected to me and I'm arried my being behind the time, and you at at the bottom of it. Is it really good fortune as him do you tell me, now? " said the old man, long anniously from one to the other. "Really tool raly? Is it! I can reconcile myself to almost my himself at any disadvantage for me, we keeping anything from me. You, Ned Cuttle!" had the old man, fastening on the Captain, to the smaller confusion of that diplomatist. " are you dealing plainly by your old friend? Speak out. Ned Cuttle. Is there anything behind? Ought he to go! How do you know it first, and why?" All was a contest of affection and self-demial, while struck in with infinite effect, to the Captain's relief; and between them they tolerably recalled old Sol Gills, by continued talking, to the greet; or rather so confused him, that nothing, to ever the pain of separation, was distinctly clear in mind.

Supplement to The New-York Daily Tribune.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH.

Walter from day to day, found the time still tending on toward his going away, without any occasion offering itself, or seeming likely to offer it self, for a better understanding of his position. It was after much consideration of this fact, and much pondering over such an unfortunate combination of circumstances, that a bright idea occurred to the Captain. Suppose he made a call on Mr. Carker, and tried to find out from him how the land really lay!

Captain Cuttle liked this idea very much. It came upon him in a moment of inspiration, as he is a most as for him (Cuttle) he had laid his course that as for him (Cuttle) he had laid his course that as for him (Cuttle) he had laid his course that as for him (Cuttle) he had laid his course that way all along. "He know'd his own dark room when any one is there, and never seems to move at other times, except to pace it to and fro. But in the morning it is whispered among the household that he was heard to go up the stirs in the dead night, and that he stayed there—in the room—until the sam was shining.

At the offices in the city, the ground glass windows are made more dim by shutters; and while the lighted lamps upon the desks are half extinguished by the lamps and an unusual gloom.

gether or the reverse.

Accordingly, without the fear of Waiter before his eyes, (who he knew was at home packing) Captain Cuttle again assumed his ankle jacks and mourning brooch, and issued forth on this second expedition. He purchased no propitiatory nosegay on the present occasion, as he was going to a place of business; but he put a small southower in his button-hole to give himself an agreeable relish of the country; and with this, and the knobby stick and the glazed hat, bore down upon the offices of

Dombey and Son.
After taking a glass of warm rum and water at a severn close by, to collect his thoughts, the Captain made a rush down the court, lest its good effects should evaporate, and appeared suddenly to Mr.

Matey," said the Captain, in persuasive ac cents. "One of your Governors is named Carker."
Mr. Perch admitted it; but gave him to under stand, as in official duty bound, that all his Gov ernors were engaged, and never expected to be

ernors were engaged, and never expected to be disengaged any more.

"Look'ee here, mate," said the Captain in his ear; "my name's Cap'en Cuttle."

The Captain would have hooked Perch gently to him, but Mr. Perch eluded the attempt; not so much in design, as in starting at the sudden thought that such a weapon unexpectedly exhibited to Mrs. Perch might, in her then condition, be destructive to that lady's hopes.

"If you'll be so good as just report Cap'en Cuttle here, when you get a chance," said the Captain, "I'll wait"

Perclis bracket, and drawing out his handkerchief from the crown of the glazed hat, which he jammed between his knees (without injury to its shape, for nothing human could bend it.) rubbed his head well all over, and appeared refreshed. He subsequently arranged his hair with his book, and sat looking round the office, contemplating the clerks with a

Perch the messenger was daunted.

"What name was it you said?" asked Mr.
Perch, bending down over him as he sat on the

"Oh!" said Mr. Perch, in the same tone, for he caught it, and couldn't help it; the Captain, in his diplomacy, was so impressive. "I'll see if he's disengaged now. I don't know. Perhaps he may be for a minute."

be for a minute."
"Ay, ay, my lad, I won't detain him longer
than a minute." said the Captain, nodding with all
the weighty importance that he felt within him.
Perch, soon returning, said. "Will Captain Cuttle

rug before the empty fire-place, which was orna-mented with a castellated sheet of brown paper, looked at the Captain as he came in, with no very

ecial encouragement.
"Mr. Carker?" said Gaptain Cuttle.
"I believe so," said Mr. Carker, showing all his

it looked pleasant. "You see," began the Captain, rolling his eyes slowly round the little room, and taking in as much of it as his shirt collar permit ted, I m a seafaring man myself, Mr. Carker, and Walr, as is on your books here, is a most a son of

his teeth again.
"Wal'r Gay it is," replied the Captain, "right!

"Wa'r Gaytt is, replied the Captain, "Ight." Fine Captain's manner expressed a warm approval of Mr. Carker's quickness of perception. "I'm an ntimate friend of his and his uncle's. Perhaps," said the Captain, "you may have heard your head Governor mention my name?—Captain Cuttle." "No!" said Mr. Carker, with a still wider dem-

onstration than before.

"Well," resumed the Captain, "I're the pleasure of his acquaintance. I waited upon him down on the Sussex coast there, with my young friend Walr, when —in short when there was a little

arranging the business."
"To be sure!" returned the Captain. "Right again! you had. Now I've the liberty of coming

Won't you sit down?" said Mr. Carker, smil

Thank'ee," returned the Captain, availing him

"Thank ee, returned the Captain availing timeself of the offer. "A man does get more way upon himself, perhaps, in his conversation, when he sits down. Won't you take a cheer yourself!"

"No, thank you," said the manager, standing perhaps from the force of winter habit, with his back against the chimney piece, and looking down apon the Captain with an eye in every tooth and m. 'You have taken the liberty, you were go-g to say—though it a none—"
Thank ee kindly, my lad," returned the Cap

"Thank ee kindly, my lad," returned the Captain: "of coming here, on account of my friend Walr. Sol Gills, his uncle, is a man of science, and in science he may be considered a clipper; but he ain't what I should altogether call a able seaman—not a man of practice. Walr is as trim a lad as ever stepped; but he's a little down by the head in one respect, and that is, modesty. Now what I should wish to put to you," said the Captain lowering his voice, and speaking in a kind of confidential grow!, "in a friendly way, entirely between you and me, and for my own private reckoning, 'till your head Governor has wore round a bit, and I can come alongside of him, is this—is everything right and comfortable here, and is Walrout ard bound with a pretty fair wind?"

"What do you think now, Captain Cuttle," re-

Wind right astarn, and plenty of it," pursued

the Captain.
Mr. Carker smiled assent again.

"Ay, ay!" said Captain Cuttle, greatly re lieved and pleased, "I know'd how she headed well enough; I told Wal'r so. Thank'ee, thank'ee, "Gay has brilliant prospects," observed Mr. Car-ker, stretching his mouth wider yet; "all the world

" returned the delighted Captain.
At the word "wife," (which he had uttered withut design), the Captain stopped, cocked his eye gain, and putting the glazed hat on the top of the nobby stick, gave it a twiri, and looked sideways

at his always smiling friend.

"I'd bet a gill of old Jamsica," said the Captain, eying him attentively, "that I know what you are

"It goes no farther?" said the Captain, making a elf that it was shut.

"Not an inch," said Mr. Carker.

"You're a thinking of a capital F perhaps?

aid the Captain.

Mr. Carker did n't deay it. Anything about a L. said the Captain. "or

Mr. Carker still smiled.

"Am I right, again?" inquired the Captain in a whisper, with the scarlet circle on his forehead swelling in his triumphant joy.

Mr. Carker, in reply, smiling, and now nodding assent, Captain Cuttle rose and squeezed him by the hand, assuring him, warmly, that they were on

cut him admit now!"

Nothing, "replied Mr. Carker.

You're right again," returned the Captain giving his hand another squeeze. "Nothing it is So! steady! There is son gone: pretty little creetur."

you, quoth the Captain. "Nevy of a scientificuncle! Nevy of Sol Gills! Wa'r! Wal'r, as is already in your business! And —said the Captain, rising gradually to a quotation he was preparing for a a final burst, "who—comes from Sol Gills's

flammation from the same cause.

"Am I right?" said the Captain.

"Captain Cuttle." said Mr. Carker, bending down self at once. Your views in reference to Walter Gay are thoroughly and accurately right. I under-

word.
"To him or any one?" pursued the Manager.
Captain Cuttle frowned and shook his bead.
"But merely for your own satisfaction and gailance—and guidance, of course," repeated Mr.

"To make his forture, Air. Carker repeated, in the same dumb manner.

"And as Wal" is going on this little voyage is, as I may say, in his day's work, and a part of his general expectations here," said the Captain.

"Of his general expectations here," assented Mr. Carker, dumbly as before.

"Why, so long as I know that," pursued the Captain, "there's no hurry, and my mind's at

I've been at all intruding, who you tain.

Not at all," returned the other.

"Thank ee. My berth an't very roomy," said the Caplain, turning back again, "but it's tolerable snug; and if you was to find yourself near Brig Place, number nine, at any time—will you make a note of it?—and would come up stairs, without minding what was said by the person at the door, I should be proud to see you.

With that hospitable invitation, the Captain said "Good day!" and walked out and shut the door; leaving Mr Carker still recliming against the chimney piece. In whose sly look and watchful manner; in whose false mouth, stretched but not laughing; in whose spotless cravat and very whiskers.

the broad blue suit. "Stand by Ned!" said the Captain to himself. "You've done a little business for the youngsters to-day, my lad."

In his exuitation, and in his familiarity, present and prospective, with the House, the Captain, when he reached the outer office, could not refrain from rallying Mr. Perch a little, and asking him whether he thought everybody was still engaged. But not to be bitter on a man who had done his duty, the Captain whispered in his ear, that if he left disposed for a glass of rum and water, and would follow, he would be happy to bestow the same upon him.

Same upon him.

Before leaving the premises, the Captain, some Before leaving the premises the Captain, what to the astonishment of the clerks, looked round from a central point of view, and tookia general survey of the office as part and parcel of a project in which his young friend was nearly interested. The strong-room excited his especial admiration; but, that he might not appear too particular, he limited himself to an approving glance, and, with a graceful recognition of the clerks as a body, that was full of politeness and patronage, passed out into the court. Being promptly joined by Mr. Perch, he conveyed that gentleman to the tavern, and fulfilled his pledge—hastily, for Perch's time was pre-

"I'll give you for a toast." said the Captain

Who ?" submitted Mr. Perch. "Wal'r!" repeated the Captain in a voice of

Mr. Perch, who seemed to remember having heard in infancy that there was once a post of that name, made no objection, but he was much astonished at the Captain's coming into the city to propose a poet; indeed if he had proposed to put a poet's statue up—say Shakspeare's for example—in a civic thoroughfare, he could by ardly have done a greater outrage to Mr. Perch's experience. On the whole he was such a verterious and income he whole, he was such a mysterious and incom-rehensible character, that Mr. L'erch decided not o mention him to Mrs. Perch at all, in case of giv-

to mention him to Mrs. Perch at all, in case of giving rise to any disagreeable consequences.

Mysterious and incomprehensible the Captain,
with that lively sense upon him of having done a
little business for the youngsters, remadured all day,
even to his most intimate friends; and but that
Waiter attributed his winks and grins, and other
such pantomimic reliefs of himself, to his satisfaction in the success of their innocent deception
upon old Sol Gills, he would assure dly have betrayed himself before night. As it was, however,
he keet his own secret, and went bo one late from he kept his own secret, and went b ome late from the instrument maker's house, wearing the glazed he kept his own secret, and went home late from the instrument maker's house, wearing the glazed hat so much on one side, and carrying such a beam-ing expression in his eyes, that Mis. MacStinger (who might have been brought up at a Doctor Blim-her's, she was such a Roman matron) fortified her-self, at the first glimpse of him, be hind the open street door, and refused to come out to the contem-plation of her blessed infants, and til he was se-curely lodged in his own room.

Father and Danghter.

THERE is a hush through Mr. Dembey's house—Servants gliding up and down stairs rustle but make no sound of footsteps. They talk together constantly, and sit long at meals, making much of their meat and drink, and enjoying themselves after a grim anholy fashion. Mrs. Wickam, with her eyes suffused with tears, relates melanchely anecdotes; and tells them how she always said at Mrs. Pipchin's that it would be so, and takes more table-ale than usual, and is very sorry but sociable. Cook state of mind is similar. She promises a little fry for supper, and struggles about equally against her feelings and the onions. Towinson begins to think there sa fate in it, and wants to know if anybody can tell him of any good that ever came from living in a corner-house. It seems to all of them as having happened a long time ago: though yet the child lies, calm and beautiful, upon his little bed.

After dark there come some visitors—noiseless THERE is a hush through Mr. Dombey's house

NEW-YORK, MARCH 23, 1847.

and tried to find out from how the land really lay!

Captain Cuttle liked this idea very much. It came upon him in a moment of inspiration, as he was smoking an early pipe in Brig Place after breakfast; and it was worthy of the tobacco. It would quiet his conscience, which was an honest one, and was made a little uneasy by what Walter had confided to him, and what Sol Gills had said; and it would be a deep, shrewd act of friend-slip. He would sound Mr. Carker carefully, and say much or little, just as he read that gentleman's character, and discovered that they got on well together or the reverse.

A cat, or a monkey, or a death's head, ould not have shown the Captain more teeth head could not have shown the Captain more teeth head to him and an unusual gloom prevais. There is not much business done this extinguished by the day that wanders in the lighted lamps upon the desks are half extinguished by the day that wanders in the lighted lamps upon the des

them with his tongue and lips.

"And as I know now—it s what I always said—that will soon be left to him on earth—a name. All that Wallr's in a way to make his fortune." said the

was liberally tattooed.

"Farewell!" said the Captain. "I an't a men of many words, but I take it very kind of you to be so friendly, and above-board. You'll excuse me if I've been at all intruding, will you!" said the Captain.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Where?"
The statuary gives him back the paper, and points out, with his pocket rule, the words "be oved and only child."
"It should be sou, I think, Sir?"
"It should be sou, I think, Sir?"

dernesth: or what the thoughts are, what the heart is, what the costest or the suffering: no one knows.

The chief thing that they know, below stairs, in the kitchen is that "it seems like Sunday." They can heardly persuade themselves but that there is some thing unbecoming, if not wicked, in the conduct of the people out of doors, who pursue their ordinary occupations and wear their every day attire. It is quite a novelty to have the blinds up, and the shutters open; and they make themselves dismally comfortable over bottles of wine, which are ireely broached as on a festival. They are much inclined to moralize. Mr. Towinson proposes, with a sigh, "Amendment to us all" for which, as Cook says with nother sigh, "There's a thing." which, as Cook says with another sigh, "There s room enough, God knows." In the evening, Mrs. Chick and Mise Tox take to needlework again. In the evening also, Mr. Towlinson goes out to take the air, accompanied by the housemaid, who has not vet tried her mourning bonnet. They are very terrifer to each other at dusky street corners, and To winson has visions of leading an altered and blameless existence as a serious green grocer in Oxford Market.

There is sounder along the what do you think he d say to you? You mustn't show yourself to him, child. Bon't dream of such in my bed.

"Aunt," said Florence. "I will go and lie down in my bed.

Mrs. Chick approved of this resolution, and dismissed her with a kins. But Miss Tox, on a faint pretence of looking for the mislaid handkerchief, went up stairs after her, and tried in a few stolen minutes to comfort her, in spite of great discouragement from Susan Nipper. For Miss Nicoscor.

And can it be that "s would be the loss of one weak creature makes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width and depth of vast Eternity can fill tup? Florence in her innocent affliction, might have answered. Oh my brother, oh my dearly loved and loving brother? Only friend and companion of my slighted childhood? Could sny less idea shed the light should be the could be supported by the could be supported by

"I will try, dear annt. I do try, answered Florence, sobbing. "I am glad to hear it." said Mrs. Chick. "be-

said Miss Tox.

— will tell you, and confirm by her experience,

— will tell you, "we are called upon on all pursued Mrs. Chick, fort. It is required of us. occasions to make an a get to Miss Tox, "I want a lif any—my dear," turning to Miss Tox.

Word. Mis—Mis— Miss Tox.

onld venture to swear to those identical words."
Miss Tox expressed her admiration by saying.

My Louisa is ever methodical!"

"In short, Florence," resumed her aunt, "literally nothing has passed between your poor papa and mysell, until to-day; when I mentioned to your papa that Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles had

"I should much prefer it, aunt." was the faint rejoinder.

Why then, child, "said Mrs. Chick, "you can it's a strange choice, I must say. But you always were atrange. Anybody else at your time of life, and after what has passed—my dear Miss Tox. I have lost my pocket handkerchief again—would be glad to leave here, one would suppose.

I should not like to feel," said Florence, "as if the house was avoided. I should not like to think that the—his—the rooms up stairs were quite empty and dreary, aunt. I would rather stay here, for the present. Oh my brother! oh my brother!"

It was a natural emotion not to be suppressed; and it would make way even between the fingers of the hands with which she covered up her face. The overcharged and heavy-laden breast must some

The overcharged and heavy laden breast must some times have that vent, or the poor wounded solitary heart within it would have fluttered like a bird with broken wings, and sunk down in the dust. "Well, child" said Mrs. Chick, after a pause. "I

wouldn't on any account say anything unkind to you, and that I am sure you know. You will remain here, then, and do exactly as you the. No one will interfere with you, Florence, or wish to interfere with you, I m sure.

than he told me he had already formed the inten-tion of going into the country for a short time. I'm sure I hope he II go very soon. He can't go too soon. But I suppose there are some arrangements connected with his private papers and so forth, con-sequent, on the affliction that has tried us all so

Oxford Market.

Oxford Market.

There is sounder sleep and deeper rest in Mr. Dombey's house to night, than there has been for many mights. The morning sun awakens the old household, sattled down once more in their old ways. The rosy children opposite, run past with hoops. There is a splendid wedding in the church. The juggler's wife is active with the money box in the juggler's wife is active with the money box in the juggler's wife is active with the marble slab before him.

And can it be that it is world so full and busy, the loss of one weak creature mighes a void in any the loss of one weak creature mighes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart so wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing but the width heart. So wide and deep that nothing b

at first!
At first, when the house subsided into its accus-

Miss Tox.

"You will then," pursued Mrs. Chick, gently squeezing Miss Tox's hand, in acknowledgment of her friendly remark. "you will then know that all her friendly remark. "you will then know that all her friendly remark. "you will then know that all her friendly remark. "you will then know that all her friendly remark. "You will then know that all her friendly remark. "I will try, dear annt. I do try," answered as when it rested on the heads of the assembled as when it rested on the heads of the assembled.

twelve, and showed each man his brother, brightened and unburt. The image conjured up, there
soon returned the placid face, the softened voice,
the loving looks, the quiet trustfulness and peace;
and Florence, though she wept still, wept more
tranquilly, and courted the remembrance.

It was not very long before the golden water,
dansing on the wall, in the old place at the old
serene time, had her calm eyes fixed upon it as it
ebbed sway. It was not very long before that
room again knew her, often sitting there alone,
as patient and as mild as when she had watched
beside the little bed. When any sharp sense of
its being empty smote upon her, she could kneel
beside it, and pray Gob—it was the pouring out of
her full beart—to let one angel love her and remember her.

becasions to make an a dort. It is required of us, and the property of the any of the an

the rest had gone away, and made his tea for him—happy little housekeeper she was then !—and sat conversing with him, sometimes at the window, sometimes in the room, until the candles came. He made her his companion, though she was some years younger than Florence; and she could be as staid and pleasantly demare with her little book or work box, as a woman. When they had candles, Florence from her own dark room was not afraid to look again. But when the time came for the child to say "Good night, papa," and go to bed, Florence would sob and tremble as she raised her face to him, and could look no more.

Though still she would turn, again and again, before going to bed herself, from the simple air that hall fulled him to rest so often long ago, and from the other low soft broken strain of music, back to that house. But that she ever thought of it, or watched it, was a secret which she kept within her own young breast.

And did that breast of Florence—Florence, so ingeneous and trae—so worthy of the love that he grandows. He with they plased the paola-loons constructed by the art of Burgess & Co, in the color burges & Co, in the color b

And did that breast of Florence—Florence, so in genuous and true—so worthy of the love that he had borne her, and had whispered in his last faint words—whose guileleas heart was mirrored in the beauty of her face, and breathed, in every accent of her gould voice—did that young breast hold any other secret? Yes. One more.

When no one in the house was stirring, and the lights were all extinguished, she would softly leave her own room, and with noiseless feet descend the stair-case, and approach her father's door. Against it, searcely breathing, she would rest her face and head, and press her lips, in the yearning of her love. She crouched upon the cold stone floor outside it, every might, to listen even for his breath; and in her one absorbing wish to be allowed to show him some affection, to be a consolation to him, to win him over to the endurance of some tenderness from her.

affection, to be a consolation to him, to win him over to the endurance of some tenderness from her, his solitary child, she would have knelt down at his feet, if she had dared, in humble supplication.

No one knew it. No one thought of it. The door was ever closed, and he shut up, within. He went out once or twice, and it was said in the house that he was very soon going on his country journey; but he lived in those rooms, and lived alone, and never saw her, or inquired for her. Perhaps he did not even know that she was in the house.

One day, about a week after the funeral, Flo-

One day, about a week after the funeral, Flo ence was sitting at her work, when Susan appear d, with a face half laughing and half crying, to an

ing up in astonishment.

Well, it is a wonder, ain't it now Miss Floy."
said Susan: but I wish you had as many visitors,
I do, indeed, for you'd be all the better for it, and
it's my opinion that the sooner you and me goes
even to them old Skettleses. Miss. the better for

choked."
Susan Nipper involuntarily proceeded to do the

Susan Nipper involuntarily proceeded to do the like again on the spot. In the meantime Mr. Toots, who had come up stairs after her, all unconscious of the effect he produced, announced himself with his kauckles on the door, and walked in very briskly.

"How dy's do, Miss Dombey!" said Mr. Toots.

"I'm very well I thank you; how are you!"

Mr. Toots—than whom there were few better fellows in the world, though there may have been one or two brighter spirits—had laboriously invented this long burst of discourse with the view of religious the feelings both of Florence and him.

"How dy'e do, Miss Dombey?" said Mr. Toots. ery well.
"I'm very well indeed," said Mr. Toots, taking

"I'm very well indeed," said Mr. Toots, taking a chair. "Very well indeed, I am. I don't remember, said Mr. Toots, after reflecting a little, "that I was ever better, thank you." It's very kind of you to come," said Florence, taking up her work. I am very glad to see you." Mr. Toots responded with a chuckle. Thinking that might be too lively, he corrected it with a sigh. Thinking that might be too melancholy, he corrected it with a chuckle. Not thoroughly pleasing himself with either mode of reply, he breathed hard.

You were very kind to my dear brother," said Florence, obeying her own natural impulse to re-lieve him by saying so. "He often talked to me

about you."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Mr. Toots instily. "Warm, sin't it?"

"It is beautiful weather," replied Florence.
"It agrees with me?" said Mr. Toots. "I don't think I ever was so well as I find myself at pre-

sent, I'm obliged to you."
After stating this curious and unexpected fact,
Mr. Toots fell into a deep well of silence.
"You have left Doctor Blimber's, I think," said

Florence, trying to help him out

"I should hope so," returned Mr. Toots. And
tumbled in again.

He remained at the bottom, apparently drowned,
for at least ten minutes. At the expiration of that
period, he suddenly floated, and said,

"Well! Good morning. Miss Dombey."

"Are you going!" asked Florence, rising.

"I don't know, though. No, not just at present,"
said Mr. Toots, sitting down again, most unexpectedly. "The fact is—I say, Miss Dombey!"

"Don't be afraid to speak to me," said Florence,
with a quiet smile. "I should be very glad if you
would taik about my brother."

"Would you, though," retorted Mr. Toots, with
ayungathy in every fibre of his otherwise expressionless face. "Poor Dombey! I'm sure I never
thought that Buyess & Co.—fashionable tailors
but very dear), that we used to talk about—would
make this suit of clothes for such a purpose." Mr.
Toots was dressed in mourning. "Poor Dombey!
I say! Miss E-mbey!" bisbbered Toots.

"Yes," said Florence.

"There's a fria. A he took to very much at last.
I thought you d flike to have him, perhaps, as a sort
f kacrasire. You remember his remembering Dio-

NEW-YORK, MARCH 23, 1547.

NO. XXXI.

by his attendant; for he sits in an inner corner of the control of the co

"To morrow morning, Susan?"

"Yes, Miss; that's the orders. Early."

"Do you know," asked Florence, without looking at her, "where papa is going, Susan?"

"Not exactly, Miss. He's going to meet that precious Major first, and I must say, if I was acquainted with any Major myself (which Meavens forbid), it should n't be a blue one!"

"Hush, Susan!" urged Florence, gently.

"Well, Miss Floy," returned Miss Nipper, who was full of burning indignation, and minded her stops even less than usual. "I can't help it, blue he is, and while I was a Christian, although humble, I would have natural-colored friends, or none."

ble. I would have natural celored friends, or none."
It appeared from what she added and had gleaned down stairs, that Mrs. Chick had proposed the Major for Mr. Dombey's companion, and that Mr. Dombey, after some hesitation, had invited him.

"Talk of him being a change, indeed!" observed Miss Nipper to herself with boundless contempt.

"If he's a change, give me a constancy."
Good night, Sasan," said Florence.
"Good night, my darling dear Miss Floy."
Her tone of commiseration smote the chord soften roughly toughed, but never listened to while she or any one looked on. Florence, left alone, leid her head upon her hand, and pressing the other over her swelling heart, held free communication with her sorrows.

she or any one looked on. Processing the other over her swelling heart, held free communication with her sorrows.

It was a wet night; and the melaneholy rain fell pattering and dropping with a weary sound. A slugglish wind was blowing, and weat meaning round the house, as if it were in pain or grief. A shrill noise quivered through the trees. While she sat weeping, it grew late, and dreary midnight tolled out from the steepies.

Florence was little more than a child in years—not yet fourteen—and the louelinese and gloem of such an hour in the great heuse where Death had lately made its own tremendous devastation, might have set an older fanny brooding on vague terrors. But her innocent imagination was too fall of one theme to admit them. Nothing wandered in her thoughts but love—a wandering love, indeed, and castsway—but turning always to her father.

There was nothing in the dropping of the rain, the moaning of the wind, the shuddering of the trees, the striking of the solemn clocks, that shook this one thought, or diminished its interest. Her recollections of the dear dead bey—and they were never absent—were itself; the same thing. And oh, to be shut out; to be so lost, never to have looked into her father's face or touched him, since that hour!

She could not go to bed, poor child, and never had gone yet, since then, without making her nightly pilgrimage to his door. It would have been a strange sad sight to see her now, stealing lightly dewn the stairs, through the thick gloom, and stopping at it with a beating heart, and blinded eyes, and hair that fell down loosely and unthought of; and toaching it outside with her wet cheek. But the night covered it, and no one knew.

The moment that she toached the door on this night, Florence found that it was epen. For the first time it stood open, though but by a hairs-breadth; and there was a light within. The first impulse of the timid child—and she yielded to it—was to retire swiftly. Her next, to go back, and to enter; and this second impulse held her in irresol